Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou wouldſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, help me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes his name is poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me; through the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whom the foule fiend hath led through fire, and throgh foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has laide kniues vnder his pillow, & halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traitor, bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-windes, ſtarre-blaſting, & taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paſſe,
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing? didſt thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he reſerued a blanket, elſe wee had beene all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traitor, nothing could haue ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkinde daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment, twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy parents, keepe thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans ſworne ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array; *Toms* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A ſeruingman, proud in heart and minde, that curlde my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkneſſe with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweete face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wak't to do it, wine loued I deepely, dice dearely, and in woman, out paramord the Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudy of hand, hog in ſloth,